

Stranger

Dr. Dog

20 years of schooling
I just never learned the math
That one and one don't equal two
They often equal half

I have tried to live the high life
The best that I know how
And bought my share of debonair
And parlayed it on the crowd

I do believe that there are no more tricks up my sleeve
The good old days have passed and the good times after that
And slowly I've become undone
A stranger with a stranger heart

Well I plan to hit the bottom
The bottle then the top
And I pray that something quits me
Before I gotta stop

Cause the masquerade is over
But I was barely there
The mask come off the gilded cloth
Yet I'm just barely here

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